

# Reading Fight.

To the Tune of *Lylliburlero*;

O R,

*O Brother Teague, dost hear the Decree?*

1 **D**Ost hear, Brother *Teague*, how de Cause goes?  
In *Reading* they put Blood on our Nose:  
We dere did agree in de Dark to creep,  
And Massacre all in deir dead Sleep.  
*Lero lero, Lero lero, Lylliburlero, Bullen-a-la.*

2 But de sly Her'ticks watching all Night,  
Put us to stink for fear dey would Fight:  
We den did consult to lay new Snares,  
And de next Day to kill dem at Pray'rs.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

3 Five Hundred and more true Boys combin'd,  
To Murder dem all before dey Din'd:  
Each kept his Post with Hand on his Sword;  
Thus we all stood expecting de Word.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

4 But now by my Shoul, me quake to tell,  
Eighty wild *Dutchmen*, as fierce as Di-vell,  
All in a Trice so hedg'd us around,  
Dat at de first Blow dey make us give Ground.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

5 Never were Men with Fury so swell'd,  
With deir great Tooths deir Bridles dey held:  
In one Hand a Sword, in d'other a Gun;  
Thus Engag'd, we wisely did Run.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

6 Our Captains swore to us, *Face about*;  
But 'twas too late, our Courage was out:  
And dey were as quick to Fly as we,  
None durst look back on d' Enemy.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

7 Whilst dey rode up, we Gallop't away,  
We soon had enough of such *Dutch Play*:  
Dey hunted us round de Streets like Dogs,  
O Brother *Teague*, we wisht for our Bogs!  
*Lero lero, &c.*



8 We put d'Cross on our Faces all o're;  
But for all dat, we ran as before:  
We fled for Salvashon in de Church;  
But here by Chreest we were left in de Lurch.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

9 For d' Protestant Hors'es found us out,  
And put us all to a Second Rout:  
We thought of d'Advice a Priest once gave,  
Dat none but de Cath-lick Church can Save.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

10 Many *Dear-Joys* lay Wounded and Slain;  
Some Ran away, and ne're came again:  
And now by *St. Patrick*, what dost think?  
Have we not Reason enough to Stink?  
*Lero lero, &c.*

11 Now, are we not finely brought to Bed?  
Instead of Lords, we are Knockt on de Head:  
Dey promis'd us Houses, Farms, and Land,  
And told us, All was at our Command,  
*Lero lero, &c.*

12 When first we Arriv'd on d' *English* Shore;  
But now we shall ne're see *Ireland* more.  
O *Padre Peters*, dat Imp of de Pope,  
Now he has brought our Bodies to Rope.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

13 Dere is a thing one Leg and a Pair,  
Where many *Teagues* will say deir Last Pray'r:  
Dere will d' Hangman put Neck in de Noose,  
So wee *Dear-Joys* must dye in our Shoes.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

14 Ah! who in *England* would come to be Rich,  
To swing like a Dog, and rot in a Ditch?  
Let's fling down our Arms, and howl our *A-bone*,  
O *Irish* Lads, we are all undone.  
*Lero lero, &c.*

15 But what if we first with some Her-tick Blood,  
Wash out our Sins, and so become good?  
Then let's dye Martyrs for Cath-lick Cause,  
Since dat our Swords can't cut *Penal Laws*.  
*Lero lero, Lero lero, Lylliburlero, Bullen-a-la.*

---

London, Printed in the Year 1689.

*Januar., 1689.*